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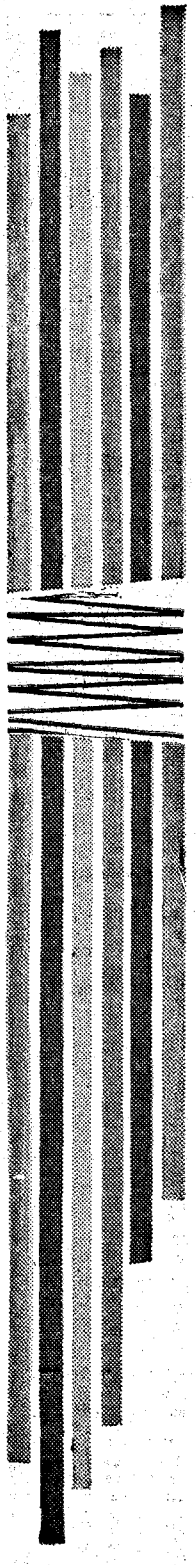

Eugene, Oregon

A CITY CHOOSES PEACE

Robert Martinson

CHRONIC VIOLENCE IN INDIA

Bradford Smith

Southern University

CRISIS ON THE NEGRO CAMPUS

Adolph L. Reed

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LETTERS

Statistics on Jobs

Dear Sirs: In Walter Buckingham's "White-Collar Automation" (Jan. 6), he writes, "The U.S. Dept. of Labor has calculated that in the next ten years, 26 million new workers will enter the job market. . . ." True. He neglects to add that the department also estimates that 15.5 million job vacancies will be created during this period as a result of workers who die, retire or leave the labor force for personal reasons such as marriage, childbearing, etc.

This leaves a net need of 10.5 million new jobs for the period. But the department also estimates that about 3 million females will *re-enter* the labor force. This increases the total need over the next ten years to 13.5 million new jobs, an average of about 1.4 million per year. Adding this to the 1.8 million jobs which Mr. Buckingham believes will be displaced each year, we find an annual need for about 3.2 million jobs.

This is considerably less than the 4.4 million cited by the author. Unfortunately, it is also very considerably more than our economy shows signs of generating. GEORGE F. MEYER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Savvy and Irreverence

Dear Sirs: For a long time I have had the greatest admiration for Carl Dreher's writing, both as to content and style. . . . It is rare to find one who combines technological military savvy with a total lack of reverence for the big brass and their costly playthings. *The Nation* deserves praise for finding him.
Denver, Colo. RUTH KNITTEL

Taft-Hartley Victims

Dear Sirs: Your article, "A Time for Amnesty," in the Dec. 30 issue, was very good. But I was struck by the omission of any reference to political victimization stemming from the notorious Taft-Hartley Law.

My husband, James West, has been in Terre Haute Penitentiary since May 20, 1961, one of seven convicted in Cleveland for "conspiracy to violate Section 9-H of the Taft-Hartley Law." Each of the seven was sentenced to eighteen months and fined $2,500; in an unprecedented move, the fine was taken out of the bail money. In addition to my husband, those convicted are Fred and Marie Haug, Eric Reinthaler, Andrew Remes, Hyman Lumer and Sam Reed. Fred and Marie Haug face an additional charge of "perjury." In the same prison with my husband sits Walter Lohman of Dayton, Ohio, serving a five-year term for "perjury" under the same section of the law. One of the ironies of these cases is that Section 9-H of the Taft-Hartley Law was repealed in 1959.

Just before Christmas, parole was denied to each of the defendants in the Cleveland group, despite excellent records of prison conduct. This continues the notorious practice of denying political prisoners equal treatment with other prisoners.

My husband has been told that he will not be given an opportunity to earn any additional good time off. He was not even allowed to get his Christmas cards. . . .

We are appealing to President Kennedy for Executive clemency and would urge your readers to do likewise.
Chicago, Ill. MRS. JAMES WEST

Nowhere to Hide

Dear Sirs: I am rather shocked by Grant A. Flint's article "Flight from Doomsday" [Jan. 20 issue]. The escapees seem to believe—as the bomb-shelter builders do—that (a) nuclear war is inevitable and (b) that they can escape from it. There would be no hiding place anywhere.

Wouldn't it be better to go on protesting? This is an American privilege that counterbalances many of the West Coast's young history professor's objections. Also it might not be amiss to voice one's approval of President Kennedy's reluctance to test and to back him up when he states—as he has many times—that he has no illusions about what nuclear war means. The people who want to test and to fight are far more vocal—but then they may not be as busy as the escapees preparing to go to their Never-Never land.
Cambridge, Mass. ELENA WILSON

Growthmanship

Dear Sirs: Bernard Nossiter's article, "Detroit's Annual-Model Bill" [Jan. 20 issue], deserves a postscript on its implications for the much-used figure of Gross National Product. GNP is a measure of the value of the output of an economy. In essence, the number of autos sold is multiplied by their respective prices and added to the number of refrigerators times *their* prices, and so on for all other goods. Different techniques are needed to add investment and government expenditures to the total, but the point nevertheless is that every dollar spent adds to GNP.

According to the study, the annual-model changes had an average cost to consumers of $5 billion a year. However, this "cost" was responsible for about 1 per cent of our GNP (roughly $500 billion) each year. If we intend to play games of growthmanship, such costs (or are they gains?) had better not be scoffed at. The only alternative is some serious thinking on better ways to enunciate social goals than "growing at 5 per cent a year." DAVID B. BROOKS
Arlington, Va.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 6

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Our Muzzled Fighters

According to Michael O'Neill of the New York *Daily News* (January 26), during 1961 State Department officials gave a total of 160 speeches around the country, while during the same period Defense Department officials and military officers gave 598 speeches on foreign affairs alone. According to President Kennedy, Defense and the the military accounted in this same period for 1,200 public addresses on all subjects. This is surely a phenomenon. Probably no nation in history has ever had such a plethora of talking generals and admirals. Thus the Stennis hearings into the "muzzling" of the military do not lack material, whatever else they lack.

What can be the explanation of this urge to speak on the part of a group of men reputed to be strong and silent? In the absence of a mass psychoanalysis of the entire high command of all the services, one can only conjecture, but it seems fair to assume that because they cannot fight, they are driven to talk, much as a taxi driver debarred from exchanging blows with an offending driver can only abuse him orally. On this hypothesis, military men probably constitute the most grievously frustrated segment of American society. As men of action faced by an obstinate opponent, they long to resort to arms, but this outlet is denied them by the certainty of obliteration for all concerned. The cushy corporation jobs which these American Othellos automatically assume on retirement do not solace them. They want to raise their own blood pressure and that of their fellow countrymen by issuing fulminating speeches, and even this outlet is denied them by the Kennedy Administration. It is sad to behold them on the bed of Procrustes, but they are not as pitiably mutilated as would at first appear. When Lt. Gen. Arthur G. Trudeau, Chief of Research and Development for the Army, who found time to make fifty-four speeches last year, complained that he had been censored by relatively low-ranking officers, Gen. Thomas White, recently retired Air Force Chief of Staff, said: "After all, the speeches are written for us by relatively low-level personnel in the first place."

The oppressed officer might take a lesson from General David M. Shoup, Commandant of the Marine Corps, who revealed that he had not suffered from censorship at all. General Shoup informed Senator Strom Thurmond, the instigator of the investigation, that he had made a hundred speeches and never mentioned the word communism. Pressed by Senator Thurmond to agree with anti-Communist sentiments in a speech by another officer, General Shoup had the temerity to ask: "Whom was he giving that speech to — children? Five-year-olds? The V.F.W."? In another outburst of heresy, General Shoup warned against teaching fighting men to hate an enemy. Hate, he said, is a poison which breeds fear and defeatism. He had managed to win the Congressional Medal of Honor without hating, so it was difficult to argue with him.

The Rewards of Restraint

When the Soviets resumed testing in the atmosphere, President Kennedy was immediately under pressure to do likewise. He resisted and scored an outstanding victory in world respect, an intangible force which, in the long run, outlasts many a military triumph. When the American negotiators offered to comply with the Soviet demand that the nuclear-test ban and general disarmament negotiations be merged and the Soviets refused, the President scored again. When the three-year-old negotiations finally ended and Semyon K. Tsarapkin, the Soviet delegate, declared, "The . . . conference . . . has been wrecked by the Western powers," not even the statesmen and fellow travelers of the Soviet bloc could have believed him. For the third time the President shone by contrast, and all by using his own judgment instead of listening to domestic jingoists whose ideas are limited to imitating their opposite numbers on the Soviet side. A precipitous decision to resume atmospheric testing would have thrown away three important American gains.

And what was the cost? Nothing. The United States is probably the most heavily militarized country in the world, psychologically, industrially and in every other way except the number of men under arms. Its overkill capacity is enormous. The bomber gap and the missile gap have both been shown up as elaborate Air Force dodges timed and calculated to get larger appropriations for ever more intensive militarization. If the balance of terror is indeed a protection for the United States, it has not been impaired by the decision to defer a resumption of atmospheric testing.

But the decision has only been deferred. The pressure on the President continues and will now be step-

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ped up. Reason will play no part. A letter like that of David Frisch, professor of physics at M.I.T., in *The New York Times*, in which he says that "it is highly unlikely that further nuclear weapons developments will affect our national military strength very much in the next decade or so," will have no effect whatever on our eager weaponeers. They have been firmly supported of late by their Soviet colleagues, but not by the American people who, on the contrary, are showing signs of wanting an end of the increasingly unstable balance of terror (see "A City Chooses Peace," page 117 of this issue). It is the latter voices that the President should listen to. The disarmament talks are scheduled for March 14. If the President can hold out until after that date, he may again be rewarded, perhaps in a far more significant way. With a Soviet *démarche* in prospect, it would be folly to throw away the advantage gained by earlier restraint.

False Pairing

The masterminds of the GOP have finally settled on the line that the party will take toward its major embarrassment of the moment — the John Birch Society. The Birch Society will be paired with Americans for Democratic Action; that is, if the Republicans have extremist in-laws, so do the Democrats. So much is clear from Rep. Bob Wilson's statement — he is chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee — that the perfect answer to talk about the Birch Society is talk about A.D.A. It is also clear from Senator Goldwater's comment about "this strange organization [A.D.A.], which has thirty-seven members in key policy-making positions of the New Frontier." But the tactic is beyond the discussion phase; it has been applied. Last week the Michigan State Central Committee adopted, by a 9-to-3 vote in the resolutions committee, and by a subsequent vote of 33 to 22 in the whole committee, a resolution which condemns the John Birch Society and calls on the Democratic Party to condemn and repudiate "immediately and fully the Americans for Democratic Action."

The adoption of this tactic is itself a measure of the crippling idiocy which prevails in the top organizational echelons of the GOP. The attempted pairing cannot be made to stick. A.D.A. adheres to the ground rules of American politics in its internal affairs and in its public pronouncements and activities. The Birch Society does not. These ground rules tolerate a wild exuberance of name-calling, distortion, crude sloganizing and abusive rhetoric; we like our politics strong and heady. But there are limits and the Birch Society breaches them deliberately. For example, Mr. Welch refers (in Austin, Texas) to "a comparatively few thousand Communists concentrated in key departments" of the government, but does not respond when asked by the Department of Justice to name them. In the same vein, he announces (in San Francisco) that there have been "many other" officers — other than Gen. Walker, that is — who have been removed from their posts for similar offenses, but he declines to name them. The Birch Society is secret or semi-secret; it has conspiratorial overtones (i.e., it operates through "fronts"); it has spread fear and suspicion in every community in which it has operated. Its spokesmen say, and in so many words, that the "enemy" is here, in our midst, which is tantamount to an invitation to engage in civil war, guerrilla-style. Mr. Welch has made it quite clear that he believes that Communists must be fought — and, remember, the real enemy is supposed to be within, not outside, our borders — by *any* and *all* means, including the methods of Communists.

This is not to imply that every member of the Birch Society agrees with Mr. Welch, or knows about or sanctions every one of the society's statements. Nor is it to imply that the society should be investigated or banned — or that people should not listen to Mr. Welch. But it is to say that the John Birch Society, on the Right, cannot be paired off as the identical twin of Americans for Democratic Action, on the Left, for they differ not merely in outlook and principles, but in values and methods. Minds reasonably free of frenzy and fantasy will be forced to concede this much, once exposed to the facts.

The Mess Grows Messier

The briefest dialogue in the Presidential press conference of January 15 was when a reporter asked:

> Q. Mr. President, are American troops now in combat in Vietnam?
> A. No.

The speed with which the President passed on to more pleasant things is a measure of his feeling of helplessness. The answer was also less than frank. If American troops are not in combat in the effort to save the moribund regime of Ngo Dinh Diem, a new definition must be found for combat.

Perhaps Mr. Kennedy should rely less on official briefings and more on the reports of an experienced reporter like Homer Bigart of *The New York Times*. U.S. pilots, Bigart reported from Vietnam on January 27, are risking their lives to drop live pigs and chickens to starving South Vietnam troops along the Laos frontier (a CBS-TV news film showed the operation). One of the pilots, Major Charles P. Barnett, said he felt obliged to stay on after a fourteen-month tour of duty since he was unmarried "and that makes a lot of difference." If he were killed, at least he wouldn't be leaving a wife. Major Ronald C. Good reported that U.S. helicopters were coming under increasing small-arms fire from Commu-

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nist guerrillas. "You never know whether you'll get it from the front or the back," he said. This may not be combat, technically, but since American troops are authorized to fire back, it certainly comes close.

In another story, Bigart said that the South Vietnamese government "is still losing its fight with the Communists for the minds of the civilian population." American psychological-warfare experts find that Communist political agents are "closer to the people." This is understandable, since the government agents are about as far away as one could get. Hundreds of millions (indeed, billions) of American aid have been poured into Vietnam, but only a trickle has got down to the grass roots. Medical care and social services are practically non-existent. What has been done for many of the villagers is to "regroup" them in fortified areas where the government forces can keep an eye on them. The French followed the same policy in Algeria, with similar results.

In Saigon, however, life continues pleasant for the politicians and grafters, even though the call girls have recently been purified and cockfights are now illegal. The dichotomy is not of President Kennedy's making—the money which was squandered was for the most part appropriated under the Eisenhower administration—yet when the considerable American force now engaged in Vietnam begins to sustain casualties, it is Mr. Kennedy who will be blamed. For the benefit of all concerned, including the Vietnamese, he should no longer avert his eyes from a situation which is fast approaching the intolerable.

In his press conference last week, the President stated that additional aid, which presumably includes arms and guerrilla technicians, will be furnished the Diem regime. But before too much reliance is placed on guerrilla tactics, it might be well to ponder the limitations of this type of warfare (see Brian Crozier's review on page 122 of this issue).

Don't Be Surprised

Khrushchev cried that West Berlin was a bone in his throat. But could it be that East Germany is an even bigger obstruction and that a single operation could get rid of both? Isaac Deutscher, in a very long article in the *London Observer* (January 28) says as much, and when Deutscher propounds a thesis it is always worth examining.

Deutscher believes that the entente between Khrushchev and Ulbricht is as precarious as a Hollywood marriage and that the Western view of Ulbricht as Khrushchev's puppet is unsophisticated. This jibes with Ulbricht's recent declaration, through an official spokesman, that East Germany will not echo the sweet tones with which Khrushchev has been serenading Adenauer and Franz Joseph Strauss. If Adenauer quakes every time Kennedy makes a friendly gesture toward Khrushchev, or even proposes to negotiate with him, would not Ulbricht have similar misgivings when Khrushchev smiles on Adenauer — even with the prop smile of diplomacy? But this is only the first sign of a *détente* which may surprise the West.

Deutscher admits that his interpretation is "partly hypothetical," but he suggests that East-West diplomacy "may be approaching quite an unexpected turn." Indeed it may. All one can be sure of, if it comes to pass, is that most American commentators, going their dreamlike way, will be surprised, if not stunned.

CRISIS on the NEGRO CAMPUS . . *by Adolph L. Reed*

Following anti-segregation demonstrations by Southern University students, the university's president, Dr. Felton G. Clark, closed the institution temporarily. When it reopened for the spring semester last week, eight students were "suspended" and forty-odd others denied readmission. In protest, many students boycotted classes.

The author of the following, a member of the university's history faculty, does not approve of "sit-ins" as a tactic, but he has very strong ideas about how the university has handled the affair. — ED.

Baton Rouge, La.

IT MAY BE that "sit-in" demonstrations are, among other things, creating potentially explosive situations at those institutions of higher learning peculiarly designated as "Negro colleges and/or universities." Also, disruption of normal procedures in routine college functions may be in the offing.

Admittedly, there may be no "airtight" solutions to the problem. However, it is possible that some merit may exist in looking at the matter from a broader perspective than is provided by a "legalistic" approach.

One point of view is that chief administrators of "Negro colleges" have had approximately two years—the time span of the "sit-ins"—to formulate a policy substantially different from the one of blind allegiance to the *status quo*. On the record, no such new policy has been formulated.

Southern University, in this city, is a case in point. Popularly described as "the largest university for Negroes in the United States of America," Southern University has some unique characteristics. Its president, Dr. Felton G. Clark, is the son of the only other president the university has had—in fact, he "inherited" his

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position (which he has held for more than twenty years) following a brief tenure as dean while his late father was president. Perhaps for a variety of reasons, Dr. Clark gives the impression that he considers himself to have been "annointed" for the position.

But on the whole, Southern University may be thought of as typical of the "Negro college"—and particularly typical of the "Negro college" that receives the major portion of its sustenance from public resources.

NEARLY two years ago, in the incipient stages of the "sit-ins," more than a dozen Southern University students were technically "suspended" (though in fact "expelled") for participation in "sit-in" demonstrations that led to indictments and subsequent convictions on criminal charges—convictions that were subsequently overturned by the United States Supreme Court. It might be added that during the two-year period there has been a significant number of similar arrests and convictions of students at several other "Negro colleges."

It may not be unreasonable to assume that in a two-year time span, presidents of "Negro colleges" would have formulated a policy that would, in effect, have placed the onus of clarifying the law directly on federal authorities. In addition, the presidents could have explained to their respective governing boards that as presidents, they are no more able to stop "sit-ins" than they are capable of stopping hurricanes and wars, or of wiping out tuberculosis, the White Citizens Councils, labor unions or Presbyterianism. The governing boards then would have had the choice of dismissing the chief administrator (at which point faculties would likely have walked off in protest) or of making an adjustment in their basically adamant position. "Sit-ins" do not exist in a social vacuum; as annoying as they can be and are to many of us, they are reflections of a world-wide movement toward elimination of man's inhumanity to man.

Presidents of "Negro colleges" who place themselves—for whatever reasons and under whatever circumstances—in opposition to the current of history may be among the significant anachronisms of our time.

Credo

Active in the current student demonstrations at Southern University in Baton Rouge, La., was an alumnus, Marvin Robinson, who flew in from St. Louis to tell a campus gathering:

"My dad left me nothing so far as liberties are concerned. I'm not going to do that to my children. If my son wants to go to Louisiana State University, he'll go; if he wants to go to the University of Mississippi, he'll go.

"Southern University has done absolutely nothing for this community. We put our education in our hind pockets when we cross those railroad tracks. I was just being crippled when I was a student here — crippled in mind and spirit."

Their position is understandable. They are hired primarily to keep Negroes under "control," as defined by power groups in their respective communities. At the same time, they are nominally considered to be "Negro leaders." From some points of view, the two positions appear to be diametrically opposed, at least in the current social climate. For Negroes generally are opposed to the *status quo*, while "Negro college" presidents are its agents.

Chief administrators of "Negro colleges" are reaching a point (if some have not already reached it) where they are unable to serve both masters even with a veneer of effectiveness. They cannot please the white supremacy *status quo* and, at the same time, continue in their traditional role as Negro leaders. The vocal and active aspirations of the Negro community in the second half of the twentieth century may have destroyed the president of the "Negro college"—unless there is an "agonizing reappraisal" of American society generally.

THIS IS a significant aspect of the dilemma in which President Clark finds himself. Rather than face up to the problem as it exists, he first rationalizes that "Southern University must concern itself with 'education,' nothing else." As a second rationalization, he limps on the crutch of his own sentimental attachment to the abstraction—"Southern University."

He acts as if "education" exists apart from people and issues, an absurd position even by definition in Southern University's catalogue. A quotation from the university *Bulletin* may illustrate the point. On pages 43-44, under the main heading "General Information," subheading "Function and Organization," is the following verbatim extract:

> A central concern of Southern University is that of making students individually sensitive to community problems, and through a foundation in liberal and vocational education, helping them to develop practical procedures for coping with these problems. Hence students at Southern University are expected to: know and interpret fundamental facts which must be used in carrying out worthwhile human relations, while attempting at all times to improve the immediate community.

Obviously, Mr. Clark's stand relative to the "sit-in" demonstrations and "sit-in" demonstrators is in direct conflict with the platitudes in the foregoing.

WHILE it appears to be a valid observation that "Negro college" presidents—symbolized by Mr. Clark—are in an awkward circumstance, intellectually, ethically, and even from the standpoint of the academic ritual, they did not create the social order and the value system that engender their unenviable position. "The American Way of Life" itself may be the prime culprit—a way of life accurately reflected in the hollow platitudes of the Southern University *Bulletin*.

High-sounding, meaningless phrases are not the exclusive patent of the *Bulletin*, of course. They are common currency in the broad area of what often is referred to euphemistically as "race relations in the United States of America." The sham of so-called "civil rights" legislation, and proposed legislation in the realm of voting, for example, would be amusing if not so tragic. All that has ever been needed in this area is enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment.

President Kennedy, the Attorney

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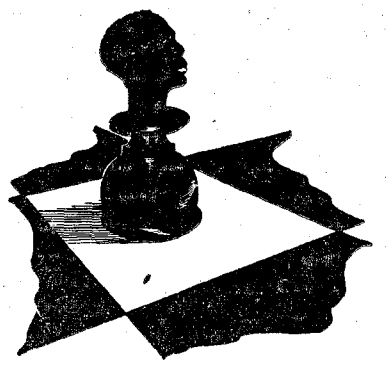
General and others high in the Kennedy official family have (the same as their predecessors, except maybe more so) fired off numerous salvos in the interest of "making democracy live" (the precise wording of the platitude may change with administrations). Yet nothing of consequence is altered. The appointment of Mr. Weaver and Mr. Rowan to high federal office, and other similar appointments from among Frazier's *Black Bourgeoisie*, while wonderful for the microscopic few individuals involved, does not come close to the problems faced not only by the masses of Negroes, but also by the rank-and-file of Americans generally.

If, for instance, one accepts the basic premise of Mills's *The Power Elite*, it would seem reasonable to assume that the power apex (of which the Kennedy Administration and its personnel constitute an integral part) could with one sweep wipe out all racial segregation and racial discrimination in public facilities, as well as in "private" facilities that rely heavily on public resources for their sustenance. With government spending the prime impetus to "the economy" (another abstraction divorced from the people), the withholding of public funds could alone make a large breakthrough in the wall of segregation that has as its prime products ignorance, poverty and human degradation not only of Negroes, but of millions of whites as well.

For a government that is not afraid to invade Cuba in the name of "freedom," or to straighten out affairs in Laos, the Congo and Outer Space, and simultaneously to cringe in helplessness before the barrier of "States' Rights," may be a social phenomenon difficult to match in deceit and hypocrisy. The legalistic ritual of going through local courts, all the way to the United States Supreme Court, over and over again, with little, if anything, changed, is a travesty and an insult to the human race.

Perhaps in no other society can a public figure "violate the law" openly—and gain in power for so doing. This is what happens to many public figures in the South, who attain national status as "statesmen" by defying federal law in the realm of race relations.

Thus, to persons genuinely interested in human welfare (and others are not concerned, anyway, except for a few who may be worried about what the Communists think, or what Africans think, or who have other peculiar worries), the hypothesis that the "power elite" bears ultimate responsibility for the plight of "Negro colleges" and their presidents appears to be reasonable. Admittedly, the "Negro college" president may often himself create special problems. In the main, however, he may tend to be dictatorial largely because, after having suffered numerous humiliations at the hands of governing boards (having been called by his first name, etc.), he must avenge his



anger and his frustrations; and, since he cannot get at his primary target, he takes it out on faculty and students. Perhaps he also feels the humiliations he must undergo to "get salaries and physical plants for his college" justify his own conduct.

Again, it can be seen that the social order in which the "Negro college" president functions as an agent of a *status quo* that is not altogether to his liking (though it is conceded that there are significant numbers of "prominent" Negroes — including some college presidents—who *prefer* the *status quo*, except that they themselves would like to be accepted as "white") may be a crucial factor in his behavioral pattern.

AS SUGGESTED at the outset, if the situation at Southern University can be considered indicative of a trend, the picture is not bright. Based on the experiences at Southern University in recent weeks, "Negro college" presidents and others of us must learn to live with "sit-ins." Already more than half the teaching faculty have signed and made public a statement opposing the policies of the Board of Education and the chief administrator relative to "sit-ins"—an unprecedented occurrence. In the confusion, some students are boycotting classes, and administrative personnel retaliate in a variety of ways. Clearly this sort of situation does not create an atmosphere conducive to academic pursuits.

FINALLY, the only possible socially satisfactory solution, it seems, is for the United States Government to cross over from the never-never land of spectacular activity (the famous phone call to the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., is a case in point) to the solid ground of constructive, positive action. Simply using the powers of law enforcement, "persuasion," and other facilities available to the Executive could go a long way toward a humanistic solution; and, if one cared to think in such terms, political rewards probably would not be completely nil.

At some point the Kennedy Administration and the "power elite" must define realistically (no longer by platitude) the role of the Negro in the United States, if there is to be anything resembling "harmony." As a beginning point, it might be well to clear the air by admitting candidly that this country is a "white supremacy" society. There are few whites (and they are considered by "normal" people as "queer" or "odd-ball" in some way) who really view the Negro as genetically equal to whites. And to speak bluntly, few Negroes as well.

Problems peculiar to "Negro colleges" probably cannot be solved without a frank reassessment of the value system in the United States, and the imposition of a new value system—a human-oriented one rather than an economy-oriented one—from the top downward. For in reality, in spite of all the palaver about "democracy" and "democratic principles," all governments are based primarily on power.

If there is to be a change, it must be imposed from the top through "education," "religion," the "free press" and all of society's other potentially powerful media of propaganda and opinion-making.

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CHRONIC VIOLENCE in INDIA . . *by Bradford Smith*

NEHRU'S military exploit in Goa, after the long stalemate on his northern border where China has taken 15,000 square miles of territory India claims as her own, has awakened the Western world to the fact that India is not, after all, committed to a policy of nonviolence in the Gandhian pattern. India, too, is capable of playing power politics and using military force where her own interests are involved. This has long been clear in Kashmir.

Perhaps Goa will provide a useful corrective to our image of India as the land where nonviolence determines behavior. The fact is that that country is full of internal violence resulting from its complicated social structure of languages, castes, religions and ethnic groups. If these frictions should ever get out of control, all of Asia would feel the effects, and so would the rest of the world.

The paradox is that India is both a land where nonviolence is regarded as the highest ethical value — meat-eating seems incredibly bestial to millions — yet it is also a country where bloody conflict breaks out with frightening frequency.

THE IDEA of resisting evil by nonviolent means first occurred to the forest sages of India living in the Himalayas, perhaps as long ago as 2,000 B.C. Fifteen hundred years later, Buddha made it a part of his teaching, and by this means it spread throughout Asia. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, British scholars discovered and translated the great religious books of India, so that they flowed into the European cultural stream.

These books in their English translations were placed in the library of Harvard College, where Henry David Thoreau found them. He borrowed and attentively read the Bhagavad-Gita, the Upanishads, some of the Puranas. And they were clearly in his mind when, protesting the war against Mexico, he wrote his famous essay on "The Virtue of Civil Disobedience" in 1849.

Years later, when Tolstoy was exploring the real meaning of Christianity and finding it in love and nonviolence, someone sent him a copy of Thoreau's essay. Meanwhile, a young Indian lawyer living in South Africa, impressed with Tolstoy's idea, had begun a correspondence with him, and to this man Tolstoy sent the Thoreau essay.

The young man, of course, was Gandhi, who found in Thoreau's simple plan of nonviolent disobedience to the authority of the state exactly the instrument he had been searching for. He adopted Thoreau's phrase, civil disobedience, and used it and the idea behind it in his struggle to get justice for the Indian laborers in Africa. Returning to India in 1915, he took it with him. Thus nearly 4,000 years after it had got its start there, nonviolence returned to begin the campaign which would free India from colonial rule.

In our own time, Gandhi's exploitation of this Indian-American idea, and his enlargement of it for use as an instrument of mass disobedience, has made another journey across the world to be used in our South by the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., and others. Racial discrimination in the United States and caste in India have many common factors, and now a common strategy of attack — the method of nonviolent resistance conceived in India 4,000 years ago. Surely, here is one of the most fascinating examples in history of the migration of ideas.

When Gandhi, defying the British salt tax, marched to the sea, saying, "I go to the ocean of God, and I make salt with my hands, and the foreign government will arrest me for it, but this is my truth and I will die for it," he was dramatizing with his own particular genius the whole concept of nonviolent resistance. For nearly half a century Gandhi gave the world its most inspiring demonstration since early Christian days of victory by love. Vinoba Bhave, following his master, has not only gained land for the landless, but received the surrender of *dacoits* — armed bandits — who had terrorized the country and eluded the police.

Hundreds of organizations hold meetings in praise of *ahimsa* (nonviolence), and if most of the speeches with their lofty sentiments perish at the moment of utterance, there are other organizations like the Sarva Seva Sangh whose workers, living on a meager vegetarian diet, doing all their own dirty work and strictly limiting even their sleeping time, are devotedly putting these principles into practice in village or slum.

YET India is plagued with outbursts of mass violence that often get beyond the power of the police to control. No day passes without some news of a mob conflict. For example:

> *Gargaon* — Seven people, including two women, were killed and one man was seriously injured in a clash between two factions of Ahirs belonging to the villages of Dhani Kulana and Dhani Shorsa. . . . It is stated that a land dispute led to the clash.
>
> *Bombay* — Damage to the extent of Rs 195,000 ($40,000) to private property and about Rs 27,000 ($5,600) to public property was caused by the violent demonstrations organized by the Nag-Vidarbja Andolan Samiti in Nagpur. The demonstrations were a protest against the decision of the Nagpur Congress Committee to celebrate the 48th birthday of the Chief Minister.
>
> In all, thirty-four people were injured, of whom one died in hospital. . . .
>
> *Aligarh* — Six people were shot dead on March 6 in Sakariya village, allegedly as a result of panchayat election rivalries.

Why does violence erupt on a mass scale, causing millions of dollars worth of damage each year, to say nothing of the lives lost?

"We think we are civilized," Vice President Dr. Radhakrishnan told me when we were discussing this subject. "But suddenly we lose the varnish of civilization and we see the brutality beneath."

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Divisive influences were fostered, he explained, by the struggle for independence which encouraged resistance to the British. With the British gone, the same kind of resistance to constituted authority keeps cropping up when people feel aggrieved.

When I talked with Mr. Nehru, he stressed the point that all these internal conflicts are natural to a country made up of many cultures. "It's correct to say that India has not that whole genius compared to England or France, but if challenged there is fierce nationalism; otherwise, subnationalism."

But with the British gone, what are the roots of this continuing conflict? The roots of this subnationalism are found in caste, along with its subcastes and factions; religion, language, economic factors and ignorance.

It has struck me that since Indians all belong to minorities — not one, but several — they are continually fearful of being overrun by the "others."

SUPPOSE in an American city each ethnic group remained to itself — Italians, Irish, French Catholics, Negroes, Spaniards, Jews, Poles, Germans and all the rest. Each had its own community — its own streets, shops, clubs. Members of one group could never sit down to eat with another. Their children could never play together or intermarry. They would vote only for their own members. They were further rigidly divided into the three major religious groups — Protestants, Catholics and Jews — which never came together and which interfered with one another's ceremonies and festivals. Then imagine that each of these groups clings tenaciously to its old language, and that furthermore the country is divided into more than a dozen areas, each of which has one of these languages as its official tongue. English is spoken by the educated elite, French is being pushed as the official language, and at the same time those youngsters fortunate enough to go to school are being taught in their regional language.

Imagine all this, and you get a partial idea of what life is like for

London Daily Sketch

"Never mind them — I'm behind you."

Indians. They all suffer from the minority mentality. No one caste outnumbers all the others. That means you are born into a minority you can never escape from. No language has a clear majority, so everyone belongs to a linguistic minority, too. Hindus make a religious majority, but they are again broken up into many sects and practices. There is no ecclesiastical hierarchy. Furthermore, their sense of membership in caste and language group is much stronger than their sense of belonging to a united religious group. The other religious groups feel very keenly their minority status. The Dravidians in the south feel themselves to be a minority opposed to the Aryans of the north.

The word "community" is vaguely used in India to apply to all or any of these groupings. To caste, language, religion and ethnic group a man is born, and from them he cannot as a rule escape. Hindus wanting to keep more than one wife have been known to become Muslims, since Muslims can have four. Dr. Ambedkar, aroused by the failure of untouchables to win fair treatment, led 200,000 of them into Buddhism. But such a change is the exception.

Dr. G. Morris Carstairs, in his fascinating study of Indian mentality, *The Twice-Born*, notes that people seemed quite calm and at ease in their behavior toward one another within the prescribed relationships of caste and family. But relationships depending on spontaneous feelings and emotional exchanges were precarious. Paranoid anxiety seemed to alternate with flashes of trustfulness in most personal relationships. When open quarrels broke out, adults let themselves go completely, in a pattern like that of the child's temper tantrum.

IMPRISONED in their hereditary groups which they sense as minorities subject to mistreatment, and removed by inexorable time from the indulgence and care of childhood, Indians in a crisis find no way out but the violence which lashes out with childlike surrender of all control against groups and forces they regard as implacably opposed to them.

In recent years, the worst outbreaks have been based on linguistic differences. Under Gandhi, the Congress committees were organized by language areas. After independence, this structure remained. Thus political opportunists have played upon these linguistic differences. Disturbances in Bombay state became so serious that it was divided into two states, Maharashtra and Gujerat, on the basis of language. The vastly destructive Assam riots of 1960 were directed against those who spoke Bengali. The reasons behind the frightful conflict include economic and political factors, but it was as a linguistic group that Bengalis were identified and attacked. The Naga hill tribes, revolting against the central government, demanded a separate state with their own language. And in the Punjab the Sikhs, feeling themselves to be a politically ineffective minority, have demanded another bifurcation along language lines — Hindi in the south, Punjabi in the north. Their demand includes the teaching of Punjabi in the schools, and in the Gurmukhi script in which *Granth Sahib*, their holy book, is written. Here the linguistic difference is only a pretense for the formation of a separate state in which Sikhs would wield political power. The Hindus (though they actually speak Punjabi at home), to confound the Sikhs, are insisting on the teaching of Hindi.

Language in India seems to be a unifying force which assumes that all those who speak a language are

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of a culture distinct from others and should have a geographically defined region of their own within which they will wield political power. The trouble with this is that India has 845 languages and dialects and only fifteen states and six union territories.

India's dilemma is that for leadership at the local level the local language must be used, yet at the national level a common language is needed. The national government was built by harnessing the forces of regionalism, but this very force now threatens as a disruptive rather than a unifying one.

When Bengal and Bihar got into a border dispute, Nehru had to tell them to "stop behaving like two independent countries on the brink of war." The separation of states on linguistic lines often sharpens the conflict instead of ending it. Andhra, after winning separate statehood through Potti Sriramulu's fasting to death, discovered that the conflict between the two castes of Kammas and Reddis, who had been lost in the larger state of Madras, could now upset the state. Near Madura lives a group of 225,000 weavers whose ancestors migrated there 800 years ago. They still speak Gujarati.

OBVIOUSLY, people must speak their mother tongues. But what about a national language? Hindi has been declared the national language, but over bitter protests from the South.

> *Madras* — Students of two colleges in the city abstained from their classes yesterday and formed a procession to express their "dissatisfaction" at the President's Independence Day speech. The students demonstrated before the Secretariat shouting slogans like "Down with Hindi imperialism."
>
> Five students met Mr. Kamaraj, the Chief Minister, and represented to him that the people of the state would be at a "great disadvantage" if Hindi were made the official language of the Supreme Court and if the All-India competitive examinations were permitted to be answered in Hindi. The Chief Minister is said to have assured them that he was aware of the difficulties the people of the state might face if Hindi became the official language.

While the north argues that Hindi is the language of nearly 42 per cent of the total population, southerners reply that if you deduct the Muslim and Sikh users of the related languages, Urdi and Punjabi, the Hindi-speaking people total only 31 per cent. Furthermore, they do not all speak the same Hindi—there are many regional variations.

It was Gandhi's intent that Hindustani, a combination of Urdu and Hindi, would become the national tongue. But Urdu is the language of Pakistan; therefore it had to be eliminated. Independence, moreover, brought with it a natural thrust toward indigenous things. Sanskritization occurred not only in language but in a revival, for the most part healthy, of old customs and arts. But Sanskrit obviously is not the instrument for a great country in the midst of one of the great technological developments of history. Technical textbooks in Hindi appear to be an impossibility.

A member of Parliament who worked on a committee to convert the Indian Constitution from English into Hindi told me that, after months of hard work, the translation was sent to the Prime Minister, who struggled with it for a while and tossed it aside saying, "This is sheer nonsense." Since Hindi had no words for the ideas involved, they had to be invented. By now the words used in the Constitution have grown into use and Nehru himself has accepted them. But to do this for every scientific and technical subject is a task that appears impossible.

English, now the official language, is at least neutral—nearly everyone except a few Anglo-Indians has to learn it from scratch. If Hindi became the official language, all whose mother tongue was Hindi would have a strategic advantage not only when competing for government jobs, but when speaking in Parliament or in any dealings with the central government where Hindi-speaking people already have a disproportionate influence.

So the battle goes on, and linguism has now become a divisive political force, unscrupulously used by ambitious politicians for their own ends. In 1965, English is supposed to be replaced by Hindi as the official language. In anticipation, universities have begun to shift their teaching into regional languages or into Hindi. But since textbooks are lacking, students must continue to know English. The teaching of English has meanwhile deteriorated seriously.

"It's absurd to be throwing the English language out," Dr. Radhakrishnan told me. He believes that both English and Hindi should be continued as official tongues on a national basis, leaving each region free to do as it wishes regarding local languages. "English gives us a window on the world," he said. To maintain its international contacts and influence, India needs English, and needs men and women who are trained in it. "No one is going to use Hindi or Tamil at the U.N. We should not drop the bonds that unite us, and English is one of them."

THE GOVERNMENT of India is engaged in a desperate race with time, to see whether it can raise the standard of living sufficiently to maintain democracy as the accepted means of solving its problems. Great gains have been made both in industry and in agriculture, but the galloping rise in population seems to eat up every increase in productivity.

The social friction generated by poverty, ignorance, linguistic differences and the caste system are therefore increasing rather than lessening. The mass violence which is a daily affair in India is a product of all these social forces.

Can India raise productivity and extend education fast enough to get control of these violent tendencies in its society?

It can do so only with all-out help from the free nations—perhaps a billion dollars a year. Unfortunately, Goa will lessen the chances of such aid being extended. Nehru may, by this ploy, have gained the approval of the recently independent nations, the leadership of which he cultivates and enjoys. But to the extent that he has alienated Western sympathies and thus lessened chances of aid, he may have hastened India's dissolution by the ever-present violence within. Anything that threatens the stability of the largest democracy in Asia represents a danger to the West.

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EUGENE, OREGON:

A CITY CHOOSES PEACE . . *by Robert Martinson*

ON DECEMBER 19, 1961, a terse proclamation was issued in the city of Eugene, Oregon, signed Edwin E. Cone, Mayor. It began simply, "WHEREAS" and then proceeded with laconic brevity to the blunt and rather startling conclusion that "the United States must take the initiative for peace."

In a world of 50-megaton bombs, this admirable little document may go unsung and unanalyzed. Yet it deserves to be broadcast across the country as a worthy example of community courage and local initiative. Coming in the midst of the great debate on civil defense, it is a pungent reminder that the anxieties of the atomic age have begun to penetrate every city, village and hamlet in America and that the issues must be fought out and won on the community level. In this instance, Eugene, Oregon, is *Anywhere*, U.S.A. Millions of Americans and tens of thousands of communities share its problems. The step it has taken in the direction of sanity may help reveal the essential ingredients of a peace effort adequate to the American scene and politically effective.

Eugene is not a small town. With a population of 52,000, it is considered the fifth largest commercial center in the Pacific Northwest. Its main industry is lumber. It is the home of the University of Oregon and is the professional and medical center for a good part of the state. Its local newspaper, the *Register-Guard*, has a circulation of about 40,000. Its Mayor, Edwin E. Cone, is known to the citizens of Eugene as a conservative and prudent man not given to making inflammatory pronouncements. Until recently, Eugene was not a center for peace activity, and its local political history does not sufficiently account for Mayor Cone's action.

THE academically trained scientist, both government and lay, has played a remarkably prominent role in recent times, especially in the debate over shelters. The more concerned and well informed a person is, the more likely he is to seek scientific advice before making up his mind on the facts of the case.

In Eugene, this advice was supplied by two sources: Dr. Willard Libby's serialized articles on fallout and shelters, and a sizable protest against the articles, in the form of letters to the editor, which called them "fraudulent" or, at best, inaccurate. According to George Streisinger, a research biologist at the University of Oregon and a key figure in the Eugene story, Dr. Libby's articles provoked "considerable community interest" and a continuing and "vigorous debate." Critics of Dr. Libby gave talks before the Oregon Psychological Association and at the Unitarian Church, and the editor of the *Register-Guard* was personally approached with a more rounded view of the facts. The *Register-Guard* interviewed various members of the science departments at the University of Oregon, most of whom were critical of Dr. Libby. The paper then carried a series of four articles prepared in cooperation with biologist F. W. Stahl and George Streisinger that presented "realistic estimates of the effects of atomic war" and ended with a call for "more study in the area of achieving disarmament."

Thus far the story is probably quite typical. Dr. Libby may have provided the unanticipated but inestimable service of prodding a good number of American scientists into performing their elementary duty: informing the public. However, what followed was not at all typical. Not content with merely setting the facts straight, a local peace group, the Eugene Peace Information Center (EPIC), seized the opportunity presented by these events to move into the area of community action.

EPIC was set up in 1960 with a mailing list of 150 persons. It limped along in the usual doldrums, mailing out occasional bulletins on the Berlin crisis, U.S. intervention in Cuba, civil defense and disarmament. It had one virtue, however. Its leadership understood that the problem of the peace movement in America is to break out of the charmed circle of convinced pacifists and to make its policies relevant to the great mass of the American public. To this public "peace" is at best a synonym for a kind of muddle-headed idealism; at worst, it suggests appeasement or even treason.

EPIC's evolution on a local scale was both mirrored and aided by the recent formation of Turn Toward Peace on the national scene.

Turn Toward Peace is a rather complex affair. It seems to be more in the nature of a miracle than an organization. It is a kind of combination coalition and campaign, at the core of which are the traditional American pacifist and peace-oriented groups such as the American Friends Service Committee, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the War Resisters League and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, together with such associated organizations as SANE, the American Association for the United Nations and the Committee for World Development and World Disarmament. But Turn Toward Peace has reached out beyond this core and now includes as "communicating" organizations the American Veterans Committee, the United Auto Workers, Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and the National Association of Social Workers. A whole conglomeration of additional organizations have been invited to associate themselves in this venture.

The model for TTP was worked out over a number of years by Robert Pickus, founder of the West Coast group, Acts for Peace, and one of the most original talents in the pacifist camp. Pickus' aim was a related national peace effort servicing "community peace centers" that could

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provide a continuing base for local education and action, as well as coordinate the activities of the cooperating organizations. A Policy Proposal Committee, composed of leading intellectuals, sends suggestions to the "communicating" organizations, which in turn agree to inform their memberships of TTP activities and proposals. TTP provides for cooperation on many levels, both organizational and personal, and hopes to weld some kind of politically relevant force out of its constituent parts.

IN EUGENE, EPIC made the decision to associate itself with TTP in September, 1961. Immediately, new interest was aroused. Attendance at meetings increased, a mail appeal for funds netted $500, and TTP received a good deal of publicity through an organizational tour by Northwest regional coordinator, Anne Stadler. At this point, a series of crucial decisions were made which led directly to the proclamation making the week of December 24 through 30 Turn Toward Peace week. These decisions were so startling in their effect that they deserve the closest attention.

The first decision may be illustrated by a letter sent to 380 "key community people" inviting them to a luncheon to hear Robert Pickus, TTP National Coordinator. It was signed by Mervin O. Dahl, president, Eugene Chamber of Commerce; (Mrs.) Catherine Lauris, president, City Council; The Reverend Clarence J. Forsberg, First Methodist Church; and George Streisinger, Coordinator, Eugene Steering Committee for Turn Toward Peace. The letter said in part: "Mr. Pickus will be in Eugene to describe some of the proposals being advanced that could diminish the threat of war, avoid surrender and further the spread of American values of freedom and democracy."

THE EUGENE Steering Committee deliberately, almost provocatively, broke with the traditional conception that peace is the monopoly of the Left. Naively or not, they assumed that everyone is for peace unless proved otherwise. Instead of weighting their pronouncements with the tone and style of an embattled minority, they tried to speak for the community as a whole. Instead of pushing the conservatives in Eugene into the camp of the arms-racers, they deliberately set out to recruit them.

The invitation was sent to Rotarians, Chamber of Commerce people and key community leaders in all fields. The chairmen of the Lane County Democratic and Republican executive committees were asked to invite members of their committees, as well as local officeholders, to a morning coffee. Invitations were sent to ministers for a morning breakfast. In a forty-five-minute "interview" program on television, six local businessmen thoroughly questioned Turn Toward Peace and its program.

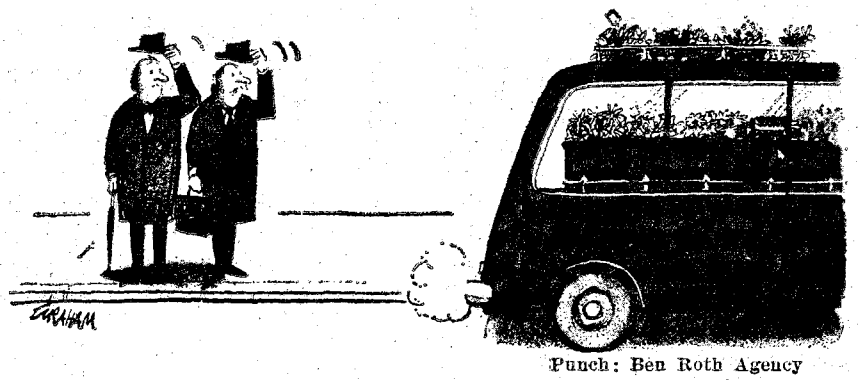
The results surpassed expectations. One lunch was attended by about seventy people, among them the first vice president and manager of the First National Bank in Eugene and president of the Chamber of Commerce; the manager of the Chamber of Commerce; the owner of Eugene's largest furniture store; the president of the City Council; several Councilmen; two deans of the University of Oregon; heads of several departments at the university; the president of Eugene's frozen-food concern, and the superintendent of Eugene's public-school system. The audience listened attentively and many of them signed the Turn Toward Peace Roster and made a contribution.

Of course, there is no appreciable war industry in Eugene and it is not a key target. Nevertheless, it is representative of thousands of similar communities. Many of the city's community leaders are well aware that if the bombs fall they will make no distinctions as to rich and poor, Left or Right, young or old. Fallout is the universal leveler and faces all mankind with the same terrifying danger. This fact can be turned into a powerful political force. By its tone and nonpartisan appeal, the Steering Committee proved that the real minority in Eugene (and elswhere) are the advocates of pre-emptive war and the unquestioning supporters of the arms race.

ANOTHER crucial decision had to do with policy. Many levels of ideas exist within TTP, but they move within a framework "clearly different in tone from efforts that dwell on the horror of war in a way that encourages a climate for surrender, or which consistently and uncritically rationalizes Soviet behavior. . . ." Though the emphasis is on reaching the whole community, the message is a radical one: the need for unilateral American action not dependent upon prior Communist agreement which will actually move toward a "disarmed world under law safe for free societies."

A TTP advertisement in the *Register-Guard* put it this way:

> We believe the best defense against communism is to strengthen our commitment to freedom and democracy. Freedom and democracy cannot survive nuclear war, but they can flourish in peace. To preserve our way of life and safeguard our future we must:
>
> ¶Turn Toward Peace
> ¶Support the President's appeal for total and complete disarmament
> ¶Strengthen the United Nations
> ¶Accept and develop world law
> ¶Establish non-military solutions to international conflicts and take new initiatives toward peace.



Punch: Ben Roth Agency

"Fell down the shaft of his survival shelter, poor chap."

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This approach strikes a novel note quite at variance with the "Better Red than Dead" partisans. It obviously speaks directly to a real local audience and is at pains to prove that the measures it favors will in fact defend what the audience holds dear. It tries to make visible alternatives which are "neither war nor surrender." It is clearly a movement for peace and has nothing in common with appeasement.

THIRDLY, the Eugene Steering Committee made a complete break with the politics of Armageddon, a modern equivalent of the medieval belief that the end of the world is just around the corner. TTP takes the position that we are in the post-atomic age and we must come to terms intellectually and spiritually with its dimensions. The usual methods lie ready at hand: discussion, debate, demonstrations and political action.

Peace advocates must win over that vast, uncommitted, but politically decisive middle ground which will only respond negatively to hysteria, alarums and mindlessness. (For example, civil disobedience is a responsible and appropriate response for the civil-rights struggle in the South, but may become gauche and self-defeating when carried over uncritically to the peace field.) The style is the man. Eugene illustrates the effectiveness of a quiet, thought-out approach which resolves hysteria through concrete action.

Finally, it was quite inevitable that Turn Toward Peace should be countered in Eugene by the formation of a new local group — Turn Toward America. The group's secretary, a Mrs. Florence Reed Cook, told the *Register-Guard* that "the new group is particularly interested in giving out information contained in the California committee report about some of the leaders of Turn Toward Peace."

A January 8 editorial in the *Register-Guard* indicated that the old, shopworn methods of the ultra-Right fringe were having little effect:

> It is folly to think that one can't be for both America and peace. Indeed, how can one be for America, for the healthy America we know and love, without being for peace also?

A new atmosphere exists in Eugene. Peace has become a respectable political force in community life. Discussion can now begin on the merits of those "alternatives" — neither war nor surrender — which desperately need to be made visible to the American people.

Mayor's Proclamation

WHEREAS, The Christmas week is the period of the year when most emphasis is placed upon peace and good will among human beings, and

WHEREAS, There is much strife and ill feeling throughout the world which indicates a drift toward war, and

WHEREAS, A turn toward peace is essential, and

WHEREAS, We believe that the United States should set its own course in foreign relations and not merely react to the threats and promises of the Societ Union, and

WHEREAS, The best defense against Communism is the strengthening of our commitment to freedom and democracy through measures consistent with these ideals, and

WHEREAS, Freedom and Democracy may not survive nuclear war but they can flourish in peace;

NOW, THEREFORE, I declare the week of December 24 through 30, 1961, to be dedicated to the proposition that we must turn toward peace, that we must strengthen the United Nations, that we must develop world law, that we must establish constructive nonmilitary solutions for international confict and that the United States must take the initiative for peace.

December 19, 1961

(*s*) *Edwin E. Cone*
EDWIN E. CONE, MAYOR

Office of the Mayor
City of Eugene, Oregon

DOG SHOW . . *by David Cort*

MORE demonstrated love is undoubtedly shown to the 26,000,000 dogs in the United States today than to any other single group, including babies and male singers. Since each dog has successful relationships with several people, it will be seen that the dog contributes the principal social cement holding America together.

Perhaps in gratitude, the Westminster Kennel Club's Dog Show takes place in New York next week, for the eighty-sixth time since 1877, and will probably be shown on a national TV network. *The New York Times* has called this "a fantastic event, in the emotion, the strain and the exaltation it generates." Something very big is evidently going on here. Since it breaks down into two elements, dogs and people, let us take the dogs first.

Why a dog-owner likes his or her dog is largely controlled by why the dog likes him or her, and this in turn goes back to the ancestry of the dog, which is scientifically described as "a tractable wolf." It is instructive that humankind should choose to love a creature that can

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bite through a bone but generally decides not to, if the bone walks on its hind legs. A good part of the American economy — for example, $500,000,000 a year for dog food — is devoted to persuading this tractable wolf that the upright bone is a friend, and not worth biting into.

THE dog's sociability, adaptability and alliance with man are zoologically peculiar and are explained by its ancestry. This begins in Eocene times (40 million years ago) with the civet-like Miacis, a short-legged tree-dweller. From this came a line of bear-dogs, and also a short-legged dog, Cynodictis. From this latter, one descent led to the wild dogs of Africa, India and South America, another to the "father of the dog family," Tomarctus, in Miocene times, ancestor of the wolves, dogs, foxes and fennecs. Alone in the animal kingdom, the wolves and dogs depended on running down their game to exhaustion and seizing it. To do so, their legs grew longer, their cleverness sharpened and they learned to hunt cooperatively. Their genetic adaptability and their social life raised their intelligence to a certain plateau, surpassed, it is true, by their individualist cousin, the fox.*

The social instinct of the dog is expressed in its impulse to mark trees and posts along its path with urine, and to "read" such marks left by other dogs, wolves and foxes. Whatever humans may think of this practice as transferred to the modern city, it is still the communication system of the *Canidae*. In the wild, it tells a wolf whether the passer-by was male or female, native or stranger, sick or well, happy or in trouble. In this way news is spread, and the community is alerted. This same desire to communicate, and to receive communications, appears vividly in the dog's relationship with its owner. People who talk to their dogs have smart dogs.

The vast variety of breeds among dogs would be impossible among cats or any other animal that is not, as the zoologists say, "plastic." All cats, with the partial exception of the long-legged cheetah, are physically alike except in size and marking.

Before man took over dogs (at least 50,000 years ago), dogs had already sorted themselves out into a number of plastic types. Primitive tribes still possess only one type of dog, but the first civilized states collected a number of types. (Exceptions: the Biblical Israelites and the Hindus, who both abominated the dog.) The basic types can reasonably be catalogued in the same way as was done in ancient Rome.

Shepherd dogs. What is now called the wolf-dog type is seen in the various huskies, sheep dogs, collies, Pomeranians, schipperkes and corgis, (3,000 years old), and probably the Chinese chows and the Norwegian elkhounds.

Scent hounds. The Greeks hunted with beagles, the Romans with bloodhounds. From the foxhound came the pointer, and from this the Dalmatian.

Greyhounds. The sight hounds in the Soluki and Afghan forms go back 5,000 years. (They are unrelated to the dachshund, elkhound and otter hound now grouped with them.)

Sporting dogs. This is essentially the spaniel type, from which have come the setter, Newfoundland (Alcibiades had a dog very like it), St. Bernard, retrievers, poodle and papillon.

War dogs. The mastiff type has produced the bulldog, boarhound, Great Dane, bull terrier, pug, boxer and probably the Pekingese.

The Romans had a sixth group, house dogs, which may have included almost anything, and apparently omitted the terrier, from which we have produced a great variety by combining it with hounds.

DOG genealogies are even less certain than human genealogies, so that the foregoing can only be a reasonable guess. But the groupings by which dogs will be judged at the Westminster Dog Show next week are based on an inscrutable fantasy with a tradition usually younger than the first dog show in Newcastle, England, in 1859. Until then there had been no modern concept of breeds, except as to function, and most of the present breeds were still unknown.

The official dog-show groups have frequently been ridiculed, but without any alternative theory of genealogy. The groups at the Westminster Show will be: 1) sporting (improperly lumping setters and spaniels with pointers); 2) hounds (improperly grouping sight and scent hounds, and putting the otter hound, elkhound and dachshund with the sight hounds); 3) working dogs (improperly including mastiff dogs with wolf dogs and throwing in some spaniel descendants); 4) terriers (whose long-legged miscegenations belong elsewhere); 5) toys (a justifiable *mélange* of small dogs); and 6) non-sporting (an outrageous evasion of responsibility in grouping descendants of the wolf dog, the pointer, the spaniel, the mastiff and the terrier).

This farce is not merely theoretical. Breeds competing in these groups are going in opposite directions. They are non-comparable. All that justifies the dog people in comparing them is that they are all still the magnificently plastic dog.

This plasticity is shown constantly in the appearance of "new" breeds and the extinction of old ones. The latter include the turnspit, Old English White Terrier, Old German Pinscher, mastin, finder, broken-haired terrier, etc. The new show has judges available to consider the merits of two fairly new Hungarian dogs, the Vizsla, a pointer, and the Komondorok, a big white shepherd; a Tibetan guard dog, the Kuvaszok; and a Belgian shepherd, the tervuren.

Just now over half of all American registrations are the poodle, beagle, chihuahua, dachshund and German shepherd; the remainder are divided among the 108 other breeds. Since 1900, the American favorite has progressively been the English setter, collie, Boston terrier, airedale, German shepherd, Boston terrier again, cocker spaniel (from 1936 to 1952), the beagle, and now the poodle. The cocker spaniel began to decline right after Nixon used one on TV to justify his political existence; at least he turned to the right breed for help.

*For more on this, see *The Origin of the Dog* by Edwin H. Colbert, a curator at the Museum of Natural History, New York. (Science Guide No. 102: published by the museum.)

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The popular breeds in our city civilization are probably chosen for their "amusing" traits. Contrary to amateur sociology, very few people choose an unfamiliar breed, like a Rhodesian ridgeback, purely as a status symbol. A dog is bigger than a car. Nor is man foolish in inventing breeds, and in having favorites. A purebred puppy, as against a mongrel, will develop a predictable character, and the owner will have the kind of company he wanted.

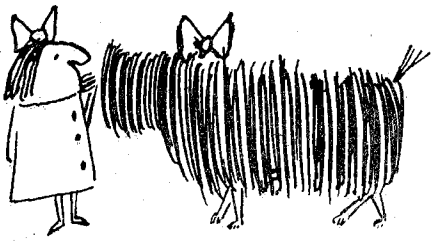
THUS we come to the people at the dog show. Professional dog people love dogs the way generals and top sergeants love people. Show dogs are trained. A petted family dog does not do well in the ring. The winners are brainwashed automats, stoic warriors from Sparta, theirs not to reason why; and, as personalities, they are at the bottom of the canine world.

This is no protest. These people sincerely believe that a show dog will feel at the top of the canine world by winning best in show at the Westminster. They know their dogs better than you or I do (I am still working on people). The animals are proud and must understand that this insane business, so far apart from their natural genius, is intensely sane to the humans. They realize that they must for the present forget their hereditary plasticity, and become rigidly non-plastic. If Tomarctus showed up at a dog show, with every breed in its loins, it would be chased out into the street. By being, it would destroy every anti-plastic pretension of the Westminster Kennel Club.

For the "exaltation" noted by *The New York Times* at the Westminster Show is based on conflicts of pride and prejudice. The dog's allegiance to man has undoubtedly given mankind many of its most terrible infatuations. There is an amazing theory that man's first sense of property rights was born when he realized he "owned" a dog, because the dog felt "owned." Certainly the unearned love a dog gives a human cur gives him or her a feeling of power, which he then tries to transfer to his less perfect standing in the human world. The love of a dog, to revise the famous saying, is the last resort of scoundrels. The leadership idea is very strong among dog-lovers.

This is not to say that the Westminster Show exhibitors are scoundrels, but might say that they have partly given up on people. When one does this, one must look for a better, non-human style of character. And where should one find it but in the breed of dog one loves?

Dog people, it is often said, somehow resemble the dogs they are showing. If you think this is just an old joke, look at the people at the Westminster Show. The people were not born that way; functionally, they would be quite inadequate as dogs. The fact is that the various arbitrary breeds of dogs act on humans somewhat as Charles



Dickens did: they are caricatures which become models for actual humans. An individual sees in the dog's comportment and attitude, or in Dickens' creation, exactly what he considers the ideal port to present to life.

WHEN we look to the upper hierarchy of the dog-show world, we find a snarling, unapproachable tyranny that suggests the more disagreeable and unpopular breeds, such as the mastiff. Dog officials, unlike any others in America from the Supreme Court down to a baseball umpire, never explain the reasons for a decision. The American Kennel Club is more inscrutable than the Kremlin.

The club dictates to a weird industry of show officials, breeders, pet shops, veterinarians, cosmeticians, dog magazines and dog-food makers. Of America's living 26,000,000 dogs, about 450,000 new-born puppies are registered with the American Kennel Club every year; thus there are now about 4,000,000 living, registered, "pure-bred" dogs in the United States, in whose behalf there has been paid in about $8,000,000 — $2 a head — for registration. This listing is compulsory for any dog shown at any of about 800 annual U.S. dog shows and over 1,000 informal "sanction matches." The number of animals actually competing in a given year is perhaps 70,000. Shows use a point system by which a dog can win five points in a single show and no more, even at the Westminster Show. With fifteen points, he or she is called a "Champion" and his name is always prefixed with a Ch. The title is worth about as much as being addressed "Hi, champ" on Broadway, or a little lower than a Kentucky colonel; but it indicates some expenditure on the owner's part. Once a dog has its Ch., it is withdrawn from point competition, or it could be a Ch. a hundred times over: a farcical position.

THE CASH interest in this illusion game is considerable. The Westminster Kennel Club farms out its show to the Foley Dog Show Organization of Philadelphia, which puts on about 100 shows a year. The Foleys use the same benches, tents and cages at all shows. Their trucks are constantly moving about the country. They boast that they have never canceled a contracted show; if they ever had, we might know whether they would have returned the exhibitors' $7 entry fees. In the midst of catastrophes, the show has gone on, and they have kept the money.

Other trucks are also in motion. These are driven by professional dog handlers, taking an average of twelve of other people's dogs, and as many as forty, to a single show. The cost to the owner is $25 for a one-day show; a bonus of at least $50 if the dog wins best of group, and of at least $100 if it wins best in show. The handler also charges $2 a day for the two weeks or two months he has kept the dog before the show.

Dog-show judges favored by the American Kennel Club also make an excellent full-time living. Most clubs pay their expenses.

The A.K.C. can outlaw anybody it chooses from all this gravy, without explanation and without recourse. Even the relatives of any

(*Continued on page 128*)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Fallacies About Guerrilla War

GUERRILLAS IN THE 1960'S. By Peter Paret and John W. Shy. Frederick A. Praeger. 82 pp. $3.50.

ON GUERRILLA WARFARE. By Mao Tse-tung. Translated and introduced by Brig. Gen. Samuel B. Griffith, USMC. Frederick A. Praeger. 114 pp. $4.50.

COMMUNIST REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE: The Vietminh in Indochina. By George K. Tanham. Frederick A. Praeger. 166 pp. $5.

GUERRILLA WARFARE. By Che Guevara. Monthly Review Press. 127 pp. $3.50.

Brian Crozier

GUERRILLA war is *à la mode*. At cocktail parties, it's the smart thing to talk about, and at learned seminars the man who can quote Mao Tse-tung — or better still, Che Guevara or Vo Nguyen Giap — is one up on the man whose horizon is still bounded by nuclear bangs. Suddenly, guerrilla war is the gimmick and open sesame in one handy package, the way to win wars without actually going backrupt, the way to acquire real estate without atomic contamination.

But is it? Are those who say, "the Communists do it, why can't we?" on the right line? Can a great power acquire a guerrilla capability as it acquires, say, a rocket force or nuclear submarines? Almost literally, these questions are burningly topical at a time when, in South Vietnam, a government supported by the United States is fighting for survival against Communist guerrillas. A tempting reaction is to reply in kind; and indeed in Vietnam, as in Laos, United States special forces have been assigned to the training of local counter-guerrillas. That makes sense enough. What is much more doubtful is whether, at any stage, American guerrillas (call them Rangers or commandos or anything else) should be sent in.

These four books ought to help clarify muddy areas of thought. The trouble is that there is no escape from the obligation to read all four of them, for none of them, taken alone, has all the answers. Paret and Shy, in *Guerrillas in the 1960's*, evidently set out to provide a succinct introduction to this type of warfare. They glance briefly at guerrillas in history, from the Spaniards against Napoleon and John Mosby's Confederate irregulars, to Lawrence of Arabia and the Greek EOKA. Considering their title, they devote surprisingly little attention to guerrillas in our decade. After brief analyses of the Indochinese, Malayan, Philippine and Cuban experiences, they come down rather firmly against the aggressive employment of guerrillas by the United States, or its friends, except in the case of international war. Their arguments are valid, as far as they go:

1. "It is doubtful whether the guerrillas could ever win locally without overt armed support from the United States, and this would seem out of the question. In other words, the United States would be asking these people to act as expendable pawns in our global strategy" (page 65).

2. Referring to the slowness of guerrilla warfare as distinct from such American-promoted *coups d'état* as those of Guatemala and Iran: ". . . we might be more convincing, and our embarrassment might be less, if we had a record of supporting guerrilla subversion of right-wing tyranny as well as that of the left" (page 67).

3. "The case of Cuba argues that our capacity for . . . prolonged secrecy is not yet very great" (page 63).

Admirable though these points are, it seems to me that the authors never really come to grips with the problem in practical terms. There are really two quite separate issues. One is how to defeat guerrillas; the other is how to use guerrillas to defeat an enemy. The core of both is the same: success depends on gaining the support of the population. Paret and Shy, though they make frequent allusions to "political factors," never get deeper than a scratch on the surface.

There is no secret about success in counter-guerrilla warfare *in situations where the guerrillas lack the support of friendly neighbors*. This was the case in Malaya. The Communist guerrillas had to be isolated from the population so that they could be denied food, shelter and information. At the same time, the population had to be persuaded that the anti-colonial campaign of the guerrillas was irrelevant to its needs. The first task was accomplished by resettling the population in New Villages, and the second by accelerating the timetable for Malayan independence. The French could have won the Indochina war (not for themselves but for the Vietnamese) by similar methods, but took the path of inevitable disaster.

THE recipe, then, is military and police action *in combination with* political action. There is no way in which the United States can win the war for President Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam unless the regime is willing and able to reform itself. It is not enough to insulate the population; it must also be won over. The problem is infinitely more difficult than it was in Malaya, and for two reasons: unlike Malaya, where nearly all the Communists were Chinese, friend and foe alike are Vietnamese; then again, in Vietnam, the guerrillas are close to a friendly base in North Vietnam, with Communist China in the background, whereas in Malaya, they were far from helpful friends.

When it comes to turning the tables on the guerrillas, by initiating *offensive* guerrilla operations, the problem once again is to win the support of the population. But here, another question must be asked: Whose guerrillas are to be used? Here, the core of the problem is *identification* with the people. As Mao Tse-tung put it, the guerrillas must move among the people like fish in the water. When the French Army officers tried to find the explanation for their Indochina defeat in the theories of Mao

BRIAN CROZIER is a member of the foreign staff of The Economist *(London).*

Poem

You come into a white room
the way brushstroke
enters my eye,
defines me

"Tall, and of a port in air."
I take the line of another
written about a jar
and put it to your ear.

The sea, the sea is in it,
and it was empty until
you turned to
drink from the lip of it.

Now it lies still, on its
side your wild strokes,
so many memorables,
drying.

Jack Hirschman

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Tse-tung and to apply them in Algeria, they failed to grasp this vital point. Mao's peasant Army could identify itself with a nation of peasants; but the French Army couldn't hope to identify itself with the Algerians and Kabyles.

Unless American strategists and tacticians grasp this simple but essential truth, they could find themselves engaged in the kind of sterile enterprise which the French have experienced for more than seven years in Algeria and before that, for more than seven years in Indochina. It is one thing to train, say, South Vietnamese to fight a guerrilla war in North Vietnam (all Vietnamese are like fish in the same bowl of water) and quite another to commit American guerrillas, who would fight a hopeless battle from the start.

THESE considerations don't emerge with sufficient clarity from *Guerrillas in the 1960's,* and although the authors emphasize the need for a "political content" in guerrilla action, they fail to define the term with adequate precision. General Griffith's perceptive and lucid introduction to his own translation of Mao's 1937 treatise on guerrilla warfare gets to the heart of the matter. Mao's *Guerrilla Warfare* is sometimes confused with the later *Strategic Problems in the Anti-Japanese Revolutionary War.* Together with the relevant passages of Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* Mao's works constitute the classic statements of guerrilla theory. Both Giap in Indochina and Guevara in Cuba acknowledged their debt to Mao and adapted his principles to local conditions. Though Mr. George K. Tanham's introduction to his study of Vietminh warfare oversimplifies a complex political solution, he has made a valuable analysis of the military aspects of the Indochina war. Che Guevara's work is a manual of guerrilla methods which military academies may come to find indispensable. They should not, however, mislead themselves into thinking that the mere mastering of tactics is sufficient to insure victory. The most important sentences in Tanham's and Guevara's works are these:

Tanham: "Until [Diem's] government has the active and continuing support of the Vietnamese masses and the troops, all the economic and military aid in the world, though it may delay it, will not halt the Communist advance" (page 157).

Guevara: "The peasant must always be helped technically, economically, morally and culturally. The guerrilla fighter will be a sort of guiding angel who has fallen into the zone, helping the poor always and bothering the rich as little as possible *in the first phases of the war*" (page 44; my italics).

Private Government of Oil

THE POLITICS OF OIL: A Study of Private Power and Democratic Directions. By Robert Engler. The Macmillan Co. 565 pp. $7.50.

Peter Bachrach

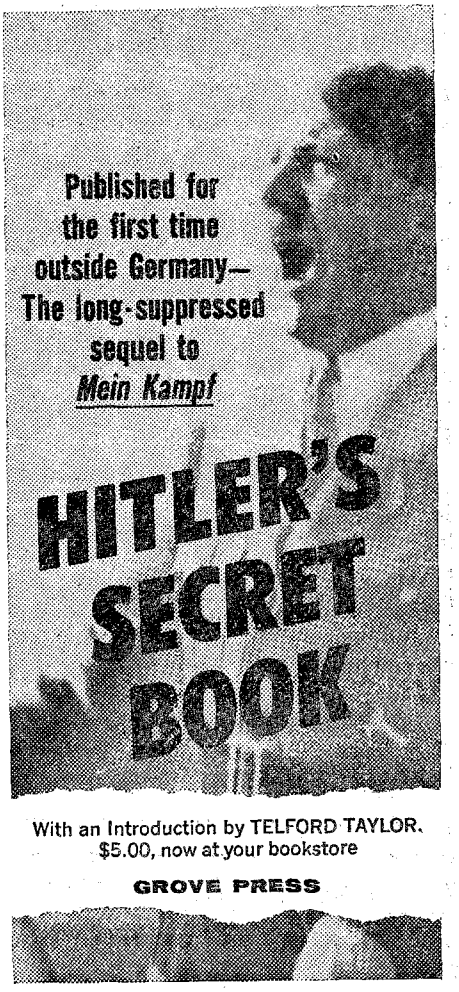
HOW CAN the federal government, whose power is divided and diffuse, effectively deal with the private governments of industry, where power is highly concentrated? Under existing conditions it obviously cannot. The student of American politics wonders, in fact, what can be done to prevent the government from being dominated and used on behalf of private interests. Professor Robert Engler's outspoken yet carefully documented study of the private government of oil brings us closer to a solution of this problem by showing how corporate power can harness public opinion, law and governmental bureaucracy to private ends.

PETER BACHRACH is the author of Problems in Freedom.

Unlike the situation in most industries, where production and prices are effectively controlled by oligopolistic leadership, the giant oil firms have been unable by themselves to control either the flow of oil into the country from the Middle East and the Caribbean, or the rate of "independent" and "wildcat" production in the domestic fields. As Engler points out, "The highly developed private government of oil seeks the support of public government wherever its own political and economic machinery is inadequate for fulfilling industry objectives and wherever its practices run counter to the legal and value systems of the American people."

To achieve its purpose of stabilizing prices by controlling supply, the industry called upon the aid of both state and federal governments. In the name of conservation, the oil-production states readily obliged by restricting production on a quota system; and, for the same worthy end, the federal government established the necessary machinery to coordinate state activities and to prevent interstate shipment of "hot oil." In the name of national security (the domestic oil industry must be kept strong), importation of oil is effectively regulated. There is in fact a close relationship between the production and distribution of oil and conservation and national security, but Engler makes abundantly clear that these objectives have become a convenient cover for "the planned withholding of products" in the interest of private gain.

TO support his thesis that the petroleum industry has been able to avoid public accountability, Engler describes in some detail the anti-social dealings of the industry with the Nazi state and I. G. Farben, the infiltration of oil men into strategic posts in the federal government, the industry's impact on foreign policy, its ruthless treatment of small business, its acquisition of a privileged tax position, and its public-relations campaigns to grab the off-shore oil lands and to repeal the Natural Gas Act. Although the analysis is thin in places — understandably so, since Engler attempts to cover the entire gambit of activities of a gigantic industrial



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complex — the evidence firmly supports the contention that "a corrosion of democratic principles and practices pervades wherever the interests of private oil and public policy meet."

PROFESSOR ENGLER'S indictment of irresponsible corporate power and its impact upon American life is undeniably shattering. But what recourse is there for democratic society? To answer this question, the author lays out in the last chapter the traditional liberal position: armed with a sharply defined and all-encompassing national oil policy, the government could successfully protect the public interest. Unfortunately, the argument does not come off, largely because at this point the author strangely overlooks the formidable power of industry which he has been emphasizing throughout the bulk of the book. Nevertheless, this penetrating study of private government and the nature of its power provides us with invaluable insight, indispensable to reaching a workable solution.

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How It Was

IT WAS. By Louis Zukofsky. Origin Press. $3. Distributed by Celia Zukofsky, 160 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

Warrington Winters

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY is primarily a poet. In February of 1931, as a visiting editor of *Poetry* magazine, he launched the Objectivists, who saw poetry as "a process of words acting on particulars." He is regarded — with Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Kenneth Rexroth and others — as a precursor of such present-day poets as Duncan, Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg.

Reading blindly, we naturally conclude that his poems are inexcusably obscure. By opening our eyes, however, we may find that many of them (especially his long poem, *A*) are not only simple, but also, as William Carlos Williams once said, that "a whole world can again be imagined" through them.

It Was contains three of Zukofsky's prose fictions. "A Keystone Comedy," a fairly conventional little story, did not affect me particularly. "Thanks to the Dictionary" is a sparkling display of words for their own sake.

By far the most important entry is "Ferdinand," a kind of prose counterpart to *A*. "I wanted our times to be the story," the author says in his preface. Like a good Objectivist — like Hemingway — he wanted to tell exactly how it was. We are presumably to find here, not the exhibitionism of the stylist, to quote the hero — but "a process of words acting on particulars."

A question arises. To what extent may an Objectivist indulge himself in the elaborate fabric of symbols which undoubtedly constitutes the real splendor of this *novella*? The dominant symbol of the story is the automobile. In all its scintillating variations, it is a world, a nation, a species. It is the hero. It is, without doubt, the author himself.

About 1900, so the story goes, an Italian child, little Ferdinand, is denied the agonizing need to go for at least one ride in the limousine of "Monsieur le Millionaire," which here seems to represent the world of his remote mama and papa. Raised by an uncle and aunt, he later receives from his unloving parents — too busy with diplomatic duties even to see their child — the gift of a miniature automobile. With his beloved Nina, the gardener's daughter, he drives this toy-self into the sea, the first of his unconsciously motivated movements in the direction of self-destruction.

In time (after the separation from Nina and the death of his mother, which betrays him into one of his few smiles), he is sent by his father and elder brother to America to begin his own diplomatic career. Again he must accept from his father and brother the undesired gift of an automobile-self. And so we watch him in the years which follow in Washington, driving always a little too fast, passing splintered glass on the highways, changing car models as he himself changes, hating the annual necessity of renewing his license plates.

And now, with the threat of war, come the loving uncle and aunt from Italy (often fusing somehow with the unloving mama and papa). As he takes them

WARRINGTON WINTERS teaches English at The Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

Two Poems

I

all of us
in the
darkened
half

breathe
in
breathe
out

like
boatmen
rowing

II

never a root
without a tree
never a tree
without a bird
never a bird
without a song
never a song
without a sky

never a sky
without a song
never a song
without a bird
never a bird
without a tree
never a tree
without a root

never a root
without a tree

Robert Lax

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for a transcontinental tour of America, the death symbolism of the car grows more insistent. On a precipitous mountain road one hot afternoon, while peering under the hood for a neglected flaw in the engine, he momentarily falls asleep — to dream-wish the death of uncle-aunt and mama-papa, who had torn him from his childhood love; to dream-wish an idyllic existence with the American facsimile of the beloved gardener's daughter.

That is all. I have carried the story along here on only one of the many richly evocative symbols. Whether their use on such an extensive scale is consistent with the code of the Objectivists is a matter which they must decide for themselves. It is enough for us that the themes here are woven with glittering ingenuity into a fabric which does tell us exactly how it was.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ARTHUR MILLER'S *A View from the Bridge* is authentic slice-of-life misery; it has been directed by Sidney Lumet, employing an excellent cast and the streets, docks and tenements of Brooklyn, in the style of gray sincerity that is Italy's contribution to the contemporary screen. But although it is honest work by talented people, the picture turns out to be tedious.

The trouble may lie in Norman Rosten's film script (I did not see the original play), but it is a trouble that has beset Miller before. He is adept at conceiving human catastrophe, but he does not always locate his drama in individuals of sufficient complexity or stature to make the narrative absorbing. Thus tragedy escapes him, and his work is no more than morbid.

In this case a longshoreman (Raf Vallone) is destroyed by his passion for a niece by marriage whom he and his wife (Maureen Stapleton) have raised from childhood. This unsuitable (and unacknowledged) infatuation boils to a crisis when two kinsmen from Sicily are smuggled ashore and come to live in the tiny slum apartment. The older of these brothers is a solid, quiet, tormented man, resolved to earn enough in a few years of American wages to save his wife and children from the slow death that is now the way of life in large parts of Sicily (see the books by Danilo Dolci). The younger brother, on the contrary, is carefree, charming in a coltish way, determined to become assimilated; in a few weeks he looks and acts as though he had been raised within a stone's throw of the BMT. He and the niece inevitably, and properly, fall in love.

But of course the girl's guardian will not tolerate this union. He despises the boy and, against the pleadings of his wife, against the advice of a fatherly labor lawyer (Morris Carnovsky), sets out to destroy him. The film retains from the stage play the notorious scene in which the older man kisses his enemy in an insane attempt to demonstrate his homosexuality. When it becomes clear even to this lovesick man that the young couple will prove too strong for him, he reports the brothers to the immigration authorities. He thus breaks the code of hospitality and the unwritten law of his society, and assures his own destruction.

All this is psychologically convincing (I was less convinced by the practical details of illegal immigration, but in the context of the story I don't much care). Men do fall in love with their young relatives and their young relatives do encourage them—from an instinct of Eve that lies beneath their particular innocence. But the hero of this situation, except for his misplaced passion, is completely without individuality. He is a slow-witted and ill-tempered drudge and there is no reason at all for the audience to care what becomes of him. I kept wishing that by some legerdemain the focus of the play could be shifted to the wife or the older brother (Raymond Pellegrin), either of whom is implicitly a human being worth attending. Dull men can suffer, but the spectacle remains dull. Such cases may call for medical attention, but in the theatre they are a waste of time.

THE AMERICAN distributors of *La Notte Brava* are warning, with redundant rhetoric and dubious intent, that it is "for mature adults only," and have opened it in New York at the Rialto, a Broadway house long known for the bold allure of its lobby posters and the scarcity of females in its audience (they also show the film at the Normandie, to catch the foreign-language market). This hard-sell is fraudulent, for the picture is rather chaste, as Italian films go these days. It also vulgarizes a small movie of considerable merit.

What can be said most readily against *La Notte Brava* is that we have been through all this before — from *Vitellone* to *La Dolce Vita* and *Rocco and His Brothers*. The easy sex, the stolen cars, the Americanized delinquency, the dawn

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SANTA MARIA: MY CRUSADE FOR PORTUGAL

by HENRIQUE GALVÃO

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light revealing the squalid outskirts of town are clichés of Italian cinema. So one can suspect that Mauro Bolognini has produced and directed a picture designed to cash in on a fashion. Or one can be generous and guess that his film is still another reflection of concern about the morale of European youth.

In either case, he has done the job well. His small cast, led by Laurent Terzieff and Jean Claude Brialy, two young men of considerable grace and magnetic strength, expresses an atmosphere of sweetish decay that may well be the essence of youth at a loss. These whores and thieves, who cheat one another with the same hysterical greediness that they rob the outsiders, ever and again slip their tough masks and betray what looks very much like childish fear. The boys, odious bullies and shocking lechers, are obviously uncertain that they enjoy even a normal amount of aggression and virility. When they team up with a group of wealthy boys, whose depravity is implicitly a good deal more sophisticated than what one may learn in the streets, the homosexuality of the atmosphere verges on becoming overt. At the end, the picture turns sentimental, as one of the boys and a young tart he has known from childhood decide to treat themselves to what they consider a taste of real elegance. But such young people are sentimental — it is a product of their ignorance, idleness and horror of being thought naive. *La Notte Brava* is not a boldly inventive film, but it is, I think, seriously intended as an exposition of the postwar infections poisoning a generation that cannot even remember Mussolini.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

BETWEEN mid-December and January seventh I was abroad and saw a number of productions in Paris and London—very few of them of consuming interest. My playgoing schedule since then has been so crowded that I find myself thinking of the performances I have seen in clusters and feel obliged to report on them in jet-propelled disorder.

Strindberg's *Creditors* (Mermaid Theatre) made me recall John Osborne's *Luther* in London, not because they are in any way similar but because each (like Williams' *Iguana*) is wrought from the dramatist's preoccupation with himself. I am not at all sure *Creditors* is a "good" play but it is certainly the work of a genius. Written in 1888, it anticipates Freud, existentialism and expressionism. If the play is "realistic" at all it is so only in its critical and psychological spirit. It is far too compressed, hectic, too consciously analytic, too verbally and explosively expressive to be called realism as we commonly know it. As the play progresses, its story of jealous rivalry between the husband and the ex-husband of an enigmatically fickle woman—it is a question of "revenge" rather than love which motivates the ex-husband—creates the impression that the two men represent two poles of the author's psyche.

Strindberg had something of the scientist's probing mentality—objective, skeptical, "surgical." He was also an unregenerate romantic—impressionable, vulnerable, imaginative and passionate to the point of madness. One part of the man looks upon the woman with merciless distrust, the other is totally infatuated by her. This makes a monstrous mixture, in which a vindictive lucidity is fractured by gusts of feverish feeling, so that in contemplating it we are uncertain whether we are witnessing a clinical exhibition, an opera or a surrealist séance. One is caught in the midst of an unresolved conflict between a coldly enraged mind and a too fervent heart in which woman is the stake and man the victim. The effect borders on the grotesque.

Only a great European (Swedish, German, Russian) company could do full justice to such material. There are some intelligently articulated scenes in Paul Shyre's present production, but the play's extremely difficult style has eluded him. Still it is on the whole a respectable performance in which Rae Allen catches and sustains some of the fascinating ambiguity as the female of Strindberg's fixation.

But what has all this to do with Osborne's *Luther*? Only this: Luther in that play is none other than Osborne himself—an angry young man who, admittedly, hates himself. His rebellion against Rome, the Pope, the Church is a rebellion against all authority—more costive than inspired. Someone says of Luther in the course of the play that he can only love others. That is psychologically untenable: one cannot hate oneself and love others.

Luther is not at all a good play, though by combining powerful quotations from the German monk's life and letters with some of his own gift for vituperative rhetoric, Osborne has written passages that give the play vigor. But it is mostly a confession of venomous confusion, and its narrow subjectivism distorts and diminishes the name it bears. Still, the play holds its London audience because the English want to see their stored-up bile poured hot on the stage to compensate for a social life that still keeps them under great restraint.

THERE is a funny side to the turmoil in Strindberg but to think of *Creditors* as a "laugh play"—which is how we often think of comedy—is like equating the humor in Chekhov's plays with gags. It was an unfortunate day when certain critics pointed out that Chekhov insisted his plays were comedies. As a result, many actors and directors do everything possible to dispel the notion from our audiences' minds that Chekhov is gloomy. Labels like "tragedy," "comedy," etc., though useful, often prove theatrically misleading. A situation in a play has its own intrinsic nature and placing it in one aesthetic category or another does not convey its essence.

I was reminded of this on seeing Michel Saint-Denis' painstaking and star-studded (John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft) London production of *The Cherry Orchard*. I was put off by the italicization of its "points" in the vein of English (or even French) theatre. For all the delicacy of their creator's perception, Chekhov's characters are earthy, juicy,

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even peasant-like: certainly not "sophisticated" in the West European manner. But that fact the Saint-Denis company entirely misses.

THE FRENCH today rarely produce significant realistic plays: they embody ideas, abstract concepts, moods, parables and paradoxes. From Sartre to Ionesco, there are few "real" people in the French theatre—only ideas about people, metaphors in make-up (this is not necessarily a fault). The English are now striving to achieve a new eloquence (and a new—"proletarian"—realism) in their plays, though for security they tend to hark back to Galsworthy rather than to Shaw. In the absence of Rattigan, there is at the moment a staidly intelligent, decorous liberalism in the dramatization of C. P. Snow's *An Affair*—a plea for fairness to the "enemy," tolerance for the unpopular—the application of the English ideal of the Law to every social problem.

THE PHOENIX THEATRE (on East 74 Street) has favored us with a slice of unadorned and bitterly ironic realism in a first play by Frank D. Gilroy, *Who'll Save the Plowboy?* It contains something of the early O'Neill (*Beyond the Horizon*) and perhaps even a hint of the better O. Henry, which is to say that the play possesses a kind of dour trenchancy, as well as pity and anguish over the quirks of fate. This may signify that the occasion marks the debut of a valuable talent.

Willima Smithers gives an impressive performance, adding a note of subtle feeling to the play which does not, for all its merit, sufficiently resound and echo in our imagination. Still the realistic key is a healthy one which most American playwrights abandon at their peril.

IT WAS said of the youngsters in *From the Second City* during their early season engagement on Broadway that they had been housed in too large a theatre. I prefer to put it that their audience was too small. When they were uptown I enjoyed their genial off-the-cuff humor and oblique digs at the epic mishmash of our time and I continue to be gladdened by their new show at the café-bar at Square East (15 West 4 Street).

The seven players are natural clowns, and each of them has a special and praiseworthy contribution to make. They all give the impression of being intellectuals without wishing to be anything so distressingly highfalutin. I am especially partial to Barbara Harris, whose large eyes within a mask that appears to be composed of rubber and silk, have the peculiar sparkle of a naïveté which is secretly disabused. She is one of those young players for whom one is tempted to predict a Career.

ART

Max Kozloff

WHEN, during the routine visiting of exhibitions, one finds oneself in the presence of a display of paintings which is also an "event," some interesting questions arise. Events in the art world may be the result of, say, an international cultural exchange, the controversial ambitions of a gallery or museum director, or the presentation of a little-known or neglected art at a moment ripe for reinterpretation. All these affairs tend to be heralded by suitable publicity, followed later by some disenchantment with the actual show. Yet the memorial retrospective of the works of Jan Müller at the Guggenheim through February 25 is an "event" which not only has little of the flashiness of its colleagues, but a stature that must, I think, assume greater importance as time goes on.

Urged to support this prediction, I could simply remark on Müller's considerable merits as a figurative artist, and as fantasist. Thus, his superb decorative sense, his balance between abstract form and interior vision, as well as that equilibrium between the cultured and naive that comes forth in his mature canvases, are all extremely distinctive. Furthermore, as even less responsive viewers could notice, Müller's imagery is coherent, or better still, authentic. If Henri Rousseau had known Kandinsky, and the Frenchman had added to his sense of the exotic a chromatic fierceness that was entirely indifferent to the "reality" of things, the result would be a strong anticipation of Müller. He is more absorbed by a personal world than the great formalists of this century, and more concerned with construction than many of its major visionaries. From this decisive versatility, Müller evokes his singular nocturnes, half Arcadian and half Halloween.

But the spectacle at the Guggenheim has meanings beyond the private synthesis that Müller, with great difficulty, finally managed. For all the proliferation of idioms today, artists are still rather abruptly faced with two choices. They can join issues with contemporary society, commenting upon its artifacts or qualities, that is to say, engage themselves with the whole problem of disgust; or they can flee from, or perhaps remain indifferent to, the abrasiveness of their environments, in their pursuit of a beauty above time and place. Whether abstract or not, very little status has been given the latter choice in current art, nor is it conceivable that it might be thought "advanced." The Müller show, inasmuch as it is an affirmation of a quite traditional poetry (there are even references to Faust and Hamlet) comes then, with a rather unsettling, but paradoxically reassuring, impact on the present scene. Its greatest strength is its vulnerability. For no one can ridicule the obvious irrelevance of Müller's touching little white brutes to,

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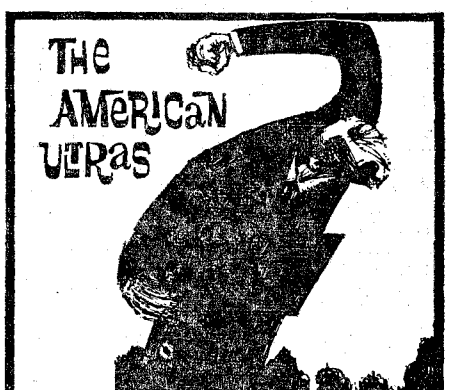

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for example, the latest crushed automobiles, and escape being churlish as well as off the point himself. Müller has nothing to do with any of the metamorphoses of art into life that challenge us so belligerently these days, but he reveals nevertheless that the familiar can still be strange. Before he died in 1958, still a young man (36), Müller's work must have seemed estimable but quaintly European to many of his friends. But later, thanks to his having worked back from his earliest, more conventional influences (Hans Hofmann and Klee) to the strength he drew from Emil Nolde and Gauguin in his last years, we are amazed at the comprehensiveness of his art, and its superiority to some of the most fashionable surrealism and expressionism.

I WOULD not want my respect, however, to be misunderstood. Müller's work does not seem to me affecting because it conforms to a "new humanism" liked by the critic of *The New York Times*, or because its derivations are reputable, or because we've had enough of abstractionism. Müller speaks, rather, because the symbols he portrays, however arcane, were indissolubly part of his emotional life and experience. He was without rhetoric or sentiment or cunning; on the contrary, he was merely tender and knowing. About his horses and riders, or his masked virgins, though, there is something more difficult to define—an involuntary accent precious because not quite controlled.

One's first inkling of it comes from Müller's work of 1954-55, when the palette first lightens up and the images playing upon the surface become shadowy and insubstantial. After that, an almost tangible haze seems to intervene between ourselves and the presences depicted. For although their color ambience is radiant and solid—strong local oranges and reds, etc.—the figures themselves are weightless and spectral, while their contours are unclear. The more Müller grew in self-knowledge, the more nostalgic was his vision of the figure, otherworldly to begin with. It was a move commensurate with his shift to sources much earlier in the century. But whereas these were still flushed with an optimism that surged from their pictorial discoveries, Müller's forest conjures up a puzzling melancholy. It seems to me a reflection of the irreparable loss of innocence and wonder since the epoch before World War I. And perhaps, too, there was a psychological anemia which obliged him to transfuse the blood of a Kandinsky or even Cézanne into his own. Over many of the pale images at the Museum there hovers a visible tremulousness and anxiety, not merely rooted in, but deeply expressive of, our time. And this from an artist who refused to, or probably could not touch literally upon its typical themes or appearances! That Müller proves so contemporary and close to us, while so oblique, encourages the alternative convention, so to speak, and constitutes the real nature of the "event" at the Guggenheim.

DOG SHOW

(*Continued from page 121*)

such outlaw are barred from showing their dogs anywhere. The tone of the A.K.C. goes straight back to George III and Ivan the Terrible, if not further.

THE majesty of the dog hierarchy was severely shaken by last year's Westminster Show, corrupted by the spotlight of network TV. Eleven stations had signed up, with two more coming on at 11:15 P.M. for the final best-in-show judging. But the show people, already rattled by being out in all the light, got word that "some" of the stations were cutting out for the eleven-o'clock news. From then on, the officials ignored all the announced and sacred schedules of judging. Brace-judging, timed to begin at 10:45, was over by 10:40, just as a brace of basset hounds arrived in good time to be judged. The best-in-show judging was over in seven minutes, to unprecedented boos and catcalls, by 10:58 P.M. Actually all thirteen stations were ready to come in at 11:15 for the final judging. The panic was quite unnecessary.

The breakdown of the old haughty morality, at the first invitation to the strip tease, ended something. The A.K.C. declared some mild penalties against its own people in the following days, but the glint of whorishness lingered in its eye. "Happily it's all over now," said an A.K.C. vice president, like a dowager with a giddy hangover. The test of that will come at next week's Westminster Show. Something *is* probably over, and something begun — but they may not be what the dog hierarchy think.

It must occur to one that a society's attitude toward the dog is highly indicative. The dog is even adaptable, as the horrors accepted by Pavlov's dogs prove, to a Communist society. The dog, in a way that not even Jonathan Swift would have dared, satirizes any society it finds itself in, by its simple love and acceptance. The plastic dog, asked to freeze into aristocratic non-plasticity at the Westminster Show, satirizes the reputable principle of aristocracy. The dog does not especially want to be aristocratic; the mongrel people on hand do. The dogs and the people make two different travesties on aristocracy, both unintentional. The dogs are wonderfully plastic, but not quite as plastic as humans.

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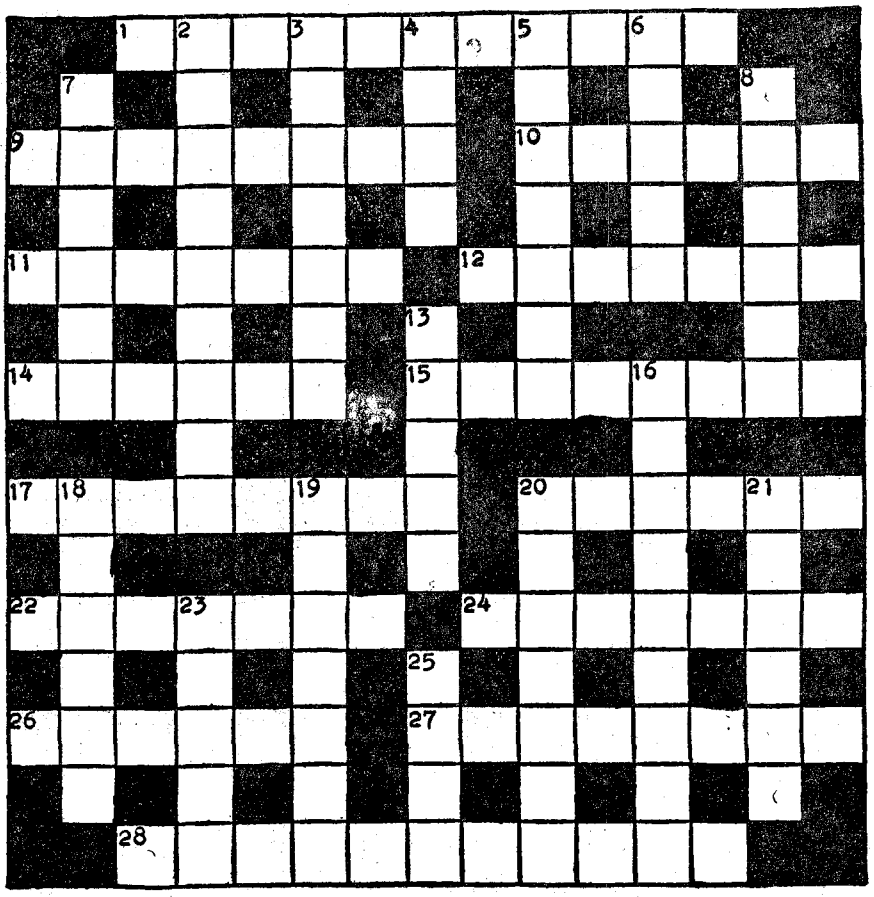
Crossword Puzzle No. 949

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Fit to take over? (11)
9 The taking of a new relationship implies some choice of public notice. (8)
10 Firpo was such a bull! (6)
11 Certainly not short trips by water, as the Little Pigs might indicate. (7)
12 Acts like Salome? (7)
14 Part of the concert, or part of the track meet? (6)
15 How a sound man should be good, for all practical purposes. (2, 6)
17 They might fit in 28. (8)
20 Study with a light interior, or how to color it? (6)
22 Confusion caused by swallowing a rum concoction in the process of working. (7)
24 Fit way to find one phase of construction. (2, 5)
26 and 21 down Cape which might throw one's opponent off balance? (6, 2, 4)
27 Temporary 17 might hold things in this. (8)
28 If the stock be lent carelessly, they could cause delays. (11)

DOWN:

2 Press cutting, or what might be attached to it? (5, 4)
3 Complain over the manner of transportation? (7)
4 Waste wood? (4)
5 The devil and the dean strike together. (7)
6 and 25 down Vale associated with a charge is certainly not extreme. (9)
7 Think, that is, about the wrong date. (6)
8 Manx, for example. (6)
13 It's best seen with 25. (5)
16 A rather showy football player, as a familiar screen device. (9)
18 Irritable (hence containing a pained expression)? (6)
19 Dive (but not head-first) on to a broken net, with obvious results. (7)
20 The way we get together? (7)
21 See 26 across
23 The fruit of encouragement? (5)
25 See 6 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 948

ACROSS: 4 and 21 Palmate; 9 Umpteen; 10 Primula; 11 Elates 13 Sealskin; 15 Speeded; 16 Dahlia; 19 Snuggle; 23 Insect 25 Bellman; 27 Parallel; 28 Novice; 31 Orestes; 32 Illyria; 33 Masse; 34 Ems; 35 Demit. DOWN: 1 Truce; 2 Impeach; 3 Exegesis; 4 and 1 across Pinstripe 5 Lapped; 6 Afield; 7 Knuckle; 8 Drawn; ;12 Spaniel; 13 Seagull; 14 Aeolian; 16 and 6 across Damasked; 18 Tot; 20 Ennobled; 22 Turners 24 Epigram; 25 Blithe; 26 Lessee; 27 Proem; 29 Exact; 30 and 17 Misspent.

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